

## OUR WEST VIRGINIA NEIGHBORS.

Hon. Elliott Northcott, in an interview in the Huntington Herald, says he is not a candidate for Governor.

The third and last school examination held in Wayne county for the year 1907 will be held at Wayne Court House September 5th and 6th, 1907, beginning promptly at 8 o'clock A. M.

The sale of school lands advertised for the first day of Wayne Court was continued and postponed by the Commissioner of School Lands until the first day of the November term of Circuit Court. The continuance was made to give some of the owners of the tracts advertised an opportunity to redeem.

Judge W. W. Marcum, of Ceredo, and William N. Cope, who recently moved to Wayne from Kentucky, have formed a partnership for the practice of law under the firm name of Marcum and Cope with offices both at Ceredo and Wayne. Judge Marcum will look after all firm business at Ceredo and Mr. Cope will be at Wayne in the G. G. Burgess building.

Wade Thornhill, Crit Thornhill and Robert Dillon were sentenced to the Reform School until they attained the age of twenty one years, unless sooner discharged by the Superintendent of the School as reformed, on their plea of guilty to breaking and entering an N. & W. box car and stealing shoes therefrom. Wade Thornhill is thirteen years of age and the other two are each seventeen years old.

The date of the West Virginia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, which was to have convened at Huntington on September 25, has been changed and will convene until October 2. This change has been made necessary by reason of the fact that Bishop Bashford, who was to have presided over the conference, will be detained in China, and cannot come to this country in time for the conference and Bishop Spillmeyer has been named to preside in his place.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Aug. 20.—James Brown, an engineer on the Baltimore and Ohio road is being envied by his fellow employees and congratulated by his many friends as the result of a remarkably brave act of his while on his engine yesterday. Brown was going east on his train and was passing the Kanawha station at forty-miles an hour. He saw an infant on the track, whistled for brakes and reversing the big engine but saw he could not stop it in time. He rushed out on the running board, down on the pilot and caught the child in one hand while holding on with the other. The infant proved to be twenty months old, son of G. L. Jackson and its miraculous escape was witnessed by its mother and sister. The child received a hard blow on the head, but will recover. Engineer Brown was entirely unnerfed by his experience and is under the care of a physician.

### OBITUARY.

Miss Rosa, daughter of Mr and Mrs Life Cooksey, was born Feb. 2nd 1858 and died July 15th 1907 aged 25 years 5 months and 16 days.

Miss Rosa had been a member of the Methodist Church for about 7 years during which time she devoted lots of her time in church and Sunday school work and in our festivals she was one of the leading members. She had been absent from her home for several months and we had hoped she would soon come back again and be with us, but alas she was taken suddenly sick and only lasted a few days. While sick she was converted and baptized and taken the Sacrament with her friends and she told them she was ready to go and just at her last she said to her mother "we are known as we are known. We shall know each other there. While sick Miss Rosa, was in care of Mr William Cooksey of Sand Hill about ten miles from home. Her friends and relatives were with her there and quite a number of her friends came home with her to see her laid to rest. She leaves a dear mother four brothers five sisters to survive her. Her father died several years ago also two sisters who died in infancy, and she has gone to join them in their heavenly home and awaits the coming of those left behind. The services were held by Rev. Cassidy at the cemetery Hill of Fallsburg and a large crowd was out to hear the discourse and to pay the last tribute of respect to Miss Rosa. Weep not dear friends for those that die in the Lord are with those that have no hope. As would those of mine and yours. As almost as a relative as we have known each other from childhood and the relatives certainly have the greatest sympathy. Respectfully Mrs. J. W. Austin.



### A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Last Despairing Effort of a Tunnel Digger Gains Him Liberty.

Among the remarkable means adopted by the prisoners in the civil war to escape were their tunnels, marvels of ingenuity and perseverance. The ground around the southern prisons at Andersonville, Salisbury, Savannah, Danville and Macon was fairly honeycombed with tunnels that were rarely pushed to successful completion.

When everything was seemingly propitious and the prisoners were only waiting for a stormy night on which to remove the final cap of earth and rush forth to freedom, some accident was almost sure to happen, blocking all their well laid plans, as when at Savannah a straying cow pushed her ill omened foot through a tunnel which the imprisoned federals had carried far beyond the stockade that inclosed the prison yard.

The most wonderful of all these ventures was the tunnel that was burrowed out of Libby prison in 1864, by which 199 union officers escaped, says the Sunday Magazine. The success of the enterprise was due wholly to the indomitable energy and unflinching optimism of two men, Col. Thomas E. Rose, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Infantry, and Maj. A. G. Hamilton, of the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry. They began operations with two case knives, by means of which they removed bricks enough from a fireplace to gain access to a seldom frequented chamber in the cellar of the prison.

So foul and noisome was this dungeon that it was known as the "rat hell." Here in a nauseating atmosphere of sewer gas, the two men, with the assistance of as many of their comrades as they thought prudent to admit into the secret, burrowed out under the foundations in an attempt to reach a sewer which they knew communicated with a nearby canal. The work seemed to be advancing favorably, but they had sunk their tunnel below the level of the canal, and the water suddenly broke through, almost drowning Rose. Undaunted, they stopped the flow and



His Head Emerged into the Night.

began a second attempt. This time they ran too near the surface, and the earth caved in. Fortunately the officials of the prison attributed the hole to rats, and the prisoners were left unmolested to start a third tunnel.

All the party, except Rose and Hamilton, now gave up in despair; but these two intrepid spirits never lost hope. Abandoning the idea of reaching the canal, they directed their fourth tunnel toward a yard opposite the prison. Gradually those who had given up began to return. For 17 nights (they had already wasted 39 on the other tunnels) they worked in three shifts, with a broken shovel, two case knives and a small wooden box in which the earth was removed. Only one man could dig at a time. The others were busy scattering the earth on the floor and covering it up with straw, and fanning air in to the workers by means of a rubber blanket stretched on a frame.

The last two nights Rose spent the entire time in the tunnel himself, doing twice as much work as had previously been accomplished by the three shifts. On the 17th night he abandoned the horizontal and struck upward for the surface. Powerful man though he was, his strength had been sapped by his unremitting labor in the foul atmosphere. He felt himself fainting; but he was too weak to make his way back 53 feet to the cellar.

The shovel dropped from his grasp, and with the last effort of despair he turned on his back and drove his hands upward against the roof. The earth gave way before him, and his head emerged into the night, just as the sentinel on the other side of the street called out, "Half-past one, and all's well!"

### His Military Career.

A certain officer who had by no means distinguished himself in the South African war, says Titt-Bills, retired from the service and built himself a villa in a remote spot on the coast of Devonshire. He was showing it to a friend one day, and remarked:

"The only difficulty I have is about a name for the house. I should like to hit upon something suitable, something appropriate to my military career, you know."

"I see," replied his friend. Then why not call it 'The Retreat'?"

### AN OLD WAR LETTER.

Recalls the Sad Story of Wounding of Gen. Wallace at Shiloh.

Of all relics of the civil war the ones which most touch me are the faded yellow letters from soldiers at the front or in hospitals, and those other letters from home to the soldiers, showing the marks and creases caused by being carried long in pocket and knapsack, until by some chance they drifted back home again across the lines of faction and war, writes Ada C. Sweet, in Chicago Journal.

One of the most pathetic and yet nobly strong letters I remember to have read, is one from Mrs. Wallace, widow of the gallant Gen. William H. Wallace, who met death at Shiloh, after helping Prentiss to hold the center all of that terrible first day, when the whole union army was crumpled up and crowded almost into the Tennessee river, only escaping by holding Pittsburg Landing until morning came, with Buell's advance on the field, and the dispirited troops of the day before ready for a new trial before the grim gods of war.

Mrs. Wallace, worried and anxious at home, had started to visit her husband in the camp at Shiloh, and she arrived at Pittsburg Landing on the steamer Minnehaha before daylight Sunday morning, April 6, 1862. The letter I am describing was written by Mrs. Wallace some ten days after the battle to a near relation.

She describes her arrival—the visit was to be a complete surprise to her husband—and she remained on board of the river steamer, after sending word to him that she was there, and as she waited him, as the sun rose over the spring landscape, she heard firing, but thought nothing of it there, near the great war camp, where thousands of men were being drilled and trained in the uses of war.

Before very long she saw wounded soldiers being brought on board of her steamer, and then came more and more pale, bleeding and panic-stricken, and they all told the same story of the early morning attack and the driving in of the outer lines, and occupation by the enemy, of the outer camps.

Her husband, she was told, was on the field, in the very center of the raging battle. Vainly she tried to get another message to him. He was in the "Hornets' Nest," where no one could penetrate. Before noon the boat was crowded with wounded, and Mrs. Wallace tried to comfort and assuage their sufferings.

In the afternoon the Minnehaha was used to ferry over Nelson's regiments, the advance of Buell's reinforcements. At last, when the boat landed on the Pittsburg side, a message was brought to the anxious woman. Wallace's division, they told her, had been falling back, Wallace leading it, just having been flanked by the enemy. Just clear of the "Hornets' Nest," and as his command came into the road to the Landing, the general had been shot and had fallen from his horse and left for dead. One of his soldiers, an orderly, "one who loved him," had carried the body more than a quarter of a mile, and then to avoid death and capture, had to lay him down out of the way of tramping feet, and leave him.

All night Mrs. Wallace nursed the wounded on the steamer, and at ten o'clock Monday morning word came to her that the general was still breathing, and that he was to be brought to her. Her dead was alive, and she rejoiced. She was allowed to take her husband to Savannah, a few miles away, on the river, and to nurse him for four days, before he breathed his last.

Gratefully she tells in her letter of the comfort it was to both that they could have these last days together. The general could not speak, but he showed to the last minute that he knew his wife, and by the faint pressure of his hand that she held told how much it was to him to have her by his side.

Such is the story told by the faded letter; to read it brings home to the heart and imagination what the men and women of the country suffered and endured, more than a generation ago, that the union might live. Recently I refer to this old letter from one of the women of Shiloh. The survivors of Shiloh will hear of it with mournful interest, I am sure.

### One Use for a Newspaper.

It may be asked what a man who from his size belonged in B company at West Point was doing in the Eighth division among the tall men of D company, writes Gen. Morris Schaff in Atlantic. It came about in this way: My second year, owing to an increase in the size of the battalion, the overflow of my company B and the various other companies had to room in what was known as the "angle," which threw me with John Asbury West of Georgia of D company. West and myself became very close friends, and that we might continue to room together, just before the battalion was formed in 1860 at the close of the encampment for division into companies, he suggested that I stuff some paper in my shoes to lift me up into the flank companies. Thereupon we laid a good share of a New York paper in each shoe, lowered my trousers to the extreme limit to hide my heels, and, to my heart's delight, the result was, in counting off the battalion, I felt just inside of D company. And on that bit of paper in my shoes all my life was hinged; for, had I stayed with the staid B company, I should in all probability have graduated in the engineers, and the stream of my life would have run through different fields.

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The most eminent medical scientists are unanimous in the conclusion that the generally accepted limitation of human life, is many years below the attainment possible with the advanced knowledge of which the race is now possessed. The critical period that determines its duration, seems to be between 50 and 60; the proper care of the body during this decade cannot be too strongly urged; carelessness then being fatal to longevity. Nature's best helper after 50 is Electric Bitters, the scientific tonic medicine that revitalizes every organ of the body. Guaranteed by A. M. Hughes, Druggist, Louisa, Ky. 50 cents per bottle.

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